Beatrice Fairfax Writes of Problems in Life and Love

Readers of this column are invited to seek the advice and counsel of Beautric Fairfax in matters affecting their relations with other peopls. Names of writers are never published without permission of the

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am in love with a young man quite n few years my senior and am practically engaged to him. He is of a wery jealous nature and on the slightwery jealous nature and on the slightest provocation fusses and argues with
me. There are only about two other
boys whom I see beside him. They are
just pals—one twenty, plays the vioils and I accompany him on the
plaso. I very seldom go out with
him and then only to a dance, with
a crowd. The other, twenty-six, two
years older than the one to whom I
am engaged, has a Hudson car and I
am only with him in the afternoon or
early evening—never after dark witham only with him in the afternoon or early evening—never after dark without a chaperon. Now, naturally, I kiss my fiance occasionally and I always tell him if any of the boys have been to see me. Because I kiss HIM and accept advances from him, he takes it for granted that I do the same with the others. This is untrue, absolutely. I plead with him to take my word and honor on the subject, but no—he will not believe me. I also tell him that if he cannot trust me I will cut out my lifelong friends. No, again! I cannot enderstand him, Miss Fairfax, and I am perfectly miserable. I wish you would kindly advise ms. CONSTANCE T.

This young man seems very difficult to please and I fear has such a jealous and distrustful disposition that he would make a most un-satisfactory husband. Mutual trust and faith is the only foundation on which love and marriage can be built. Way not try keeping him at arm's length for a few weeks, just to demonstrate that you can keep him, as well as the others, where they belong?

Another Jealous Individual. DEAR MISS PAIRPAX:

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of twenty. My flance has just asked me to release him as he disapproves of me and my conduct. The only reason I can find for this is that I have just returned from a week-end party to which he was not invited. Now, dear Miss Fairfax, do you think there is any other reason for this sudden change in him?

JILTED.

Your flance's conduct is "just like man." He is evidently very peaved, partly because he wasn't inwited, and partly because you went and had a good time without him. Obviously he is putting his own hurt pride before your happiness and his own regard for you. If you care a great deal for him, I think it would be very easy to bring him back into good humor. If your affections are not too deeply involved, I think you are well rid of a selfish, unreasonable grouch.

Grim Reality Would Cure. DEAR MISS FAIRPAX:

I am a yogng man in dire dis-tress over a matrimental problem. I am in love with a girl I some day in-tend to wed, but under the present cir-cumstances I am not capable of sup-porting a wife. This girl has writ-ten me several letters expressing her desire to run off from her home and come to this city. I have tried to ex-plain that I can't support her at that I can't support her live in a garret and work if she can be with me. She cannot be con-vinced. What shall I do? ANXIETY—Walter Reed Hospital,

Tell her that love is altogether too beautiful and fragile a thing to take into a garret unless it is absolutely necessary. It would be far better to walt than to risk the chance of spoiling the beauty of that love by an unlovely setting. If she but knew it these courtship days will probably be the sweetest of her life. I often wonder why girls are in such a hurry to end the most romantic time they will ever know. I think you are proving' that your love is real by asking her to wait until more opportune

The Sorrows of Youth. DEAR MISS FAIRPAX:

I am a boy of sixteen, and am sather tall. Am wearing knee pants and I am anxious to wear long ones.
My mother objects as she thinks I should wear the short ones for another year. Please answer in tomorrow's paper telling me if my mother a sight.

It is hard for mothers to realize

A Little Competition A Good Thing. | that their little boys and girls suddenly become young men and women, but if you are sixteen and tall, it seems time you made the change. Make sure, though, that it isn't a question of expense. She may not be able to afford the new suit this year. If your father is living, can't you enlist his aid? Dad would understand, I'm sure,

> Don't Run After Him. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of eighteen. I have sev-I am a girl of eighteen. I have several young men friends, but there is one I care for in particular. I have known him for almost a year. He is very nice look and seems to care for me when the me. His friends tell me he dislikes me, but he denies it. Lately he has been going with another girl, and I don't know whether he is angry or not, as a few weeks ago he broke a date with me, and I have not heard from him since. This is the first date he has broken and as I care for him very much I would like to know what is best for me to do. R. B.

There seems little to do except to be sweet and amiable when you see him and not pay too much attention to what other people say about him. The worst thing you could do would be to appear too anxious for his attentions. Chance may bring about a meeting and a mutual understand-

As Jacob Served For Rachnel. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a young man of twenty-three and when in the Washington High School met a girl. Through the four years' course I became very much attached to her. When we were both nineteen and were about to announce our betrothal, her mother objected because I had not arrived at a firm foothold in life. Three wasks later her mother inveigied her into marrying a man twelve years her senior because he was worth a great dash of money. I nover saw the girl for a whole year after this marriage, but then I learned that she was very unhappy. I have never met, and am sure I will never meet, anyone I will love as I do this girl. Her husband is dead now and I have a bright future on the stage, but she include we can be happy with the money left her by this man. My better sense of judgment tells me not to marry until I have won renown as an actor. Please tell me which course to pursue. tell me which course to pursue.

DESPAIRING.

You lost the girl of your choice once. Now, when a kind fate has put her again within reach, why hesitate to take the happiness you have awaited so long? No real man can be content to live on his wife's money, however, therefore, you should go on with your work after marriage.

Do You Know That—

A guinea pig is usually full grown when six weeks old.

A square foot of honeycomb contains about nine thousand cells.

In Oriental schoolrooms each pupil speaks his allotted task aloud. regardless of his fellow-scholars.

In Jewish marriages the bride stands on the right of the groom; it is the custom of all other races for the bride to stand on the left

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro has fifty miles of anchorage and is said to be the finest in the world,

An express train was beaten by twelve minutes by an eagle which raced it over a distance of eighteen

With most of the leading wrestlers of Japan wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations.

The Story That Never Grows Old



Little Tricks For Women in Household Economics

Readers of The Times are urged to exchange news and views of household economy in this column. If you have a good recipe, an original method of saving money, or a short cut in housework, send it to the writer of this column, in care of The Times.

thing is to remove this outer skin

and superfluous fat, wipe with a

damp cloth and rub with butter.

The leg and shoulder should be

baked in an airtight cooker until

tender. The breast and neck or

flank may be stewed until tender

in much the same way you prepare

fricasseed chicken. In cooking all

mutton, it is the long, slow cooking

Not only is mutton usually cheap-

er and more plentiful than beef, but

it is more economical because, be-

ing small, the carcass may be

bought in half or quarter portions,

thus getting the section several

cents cheaper per pound than you

could the individual cut. Each half

contains a variety of cuts, and with

a good refrigerator one can dare

to buy in such quantity. The leg

has the smallest waste of any part.

practically as a national dish.

Therefore, the British expression:

"To our muttons." In Europe, and

especially the Orient, this meat is

almost a staple, and the Turks turn

out delicious dishes with rice, in

broths, combined with dates or

raisins or sour sauces or tart jellies.

These people of the Old World have

discovered how easy it is to digest

mutton, and that, too, is the reason

doctors prescribe mutton broths and

Quite the most novel recipe for

jelly has been sent in from a reader

When canning pincapples, I scrub

Also I use all pulp left from mak-

Another use for cores and peel-

Another way I figure to save is

No Eggs for Apple Sauce Cake.

Here is a good recipe which re-

One cup cold, sweet apple sauce,

Here Comes Mere Man.

Here is something that might be

ONTARIO ROAD.

stews for invalids.

in Brookland:

Our English cousins use mutton

which makes a savory dish.

By ELIZABETH LATTIMER. Probably the quickest way to reduce the size of one's meat bill is to serve mutton instead of beef and lamb. Curiously enough, we Americans are not great eaters of mutton. The explanation is that up until now we have never understood how to cook it properly. Many people who have always abhorred the dish find it quite delectable when they have a dinner of it rightly prepared.

The strong mutton flavor so objectionable to many is located principally in the thin skin and outer fat of a cut of mutton. The first

more dollars in your savings ac-

Instead of buying cigars as formerly, I amoke a pipe. Instead of paying 10 cents for a shoe shine, I get up five minutes earlier in the morning and shine my own shoes. Instead of having laundry bills for stiff collars, I wear soft ones and find them much more comfortable and easy to launder at home. Instead of buying lunches at noon, I find that a tasty lunch prepared by my wife can be carried just as easily as not, adding at least \$1.50 a week to our savings budget.

E. CONOMY, Chevy Chase.

BOOKS

SMILES; A ROSE OF THE CUMBER-LANDS. By Eliot H. Robinson. Illus-

trated. Boston: The Page Company. One would hardly suppose that after the way in which the Cumberland mountain region has been exploited by John Fox, jr., there would be anything left for anyone else to write about, yet Eliot H. Robinson takes the reader into that land of moonshiner and feudist in such novel and entertaining fashion as to give no impression of

traveling familiar pathways. Rose Webb, the "Smiles" of the title, at once enlists the interest and affection of the reader, as she did of Donald MacDonald, Boston physician, vacationing in the Virginia mountains. The main interest of the story centers around the determination of Rose to become a nurse, and an equally strong determination on the part of the reader that the novel will be unsatisfactory unless Dr. Mac marries the mountain girl. Yet the author apparently makes the latter event improbable to the point where one is resigned to the spoiling of the romance, and then cleverly removes all obstacles without in any way creating an impression of un-

With an admirable versatility the author gives an intimate picture alike of life in the rude cabin of the primitive mountaineer and the mansion of the dultured Bostonian. Later, when Rose achieves her ambition and is entered as a probationary nurse in an institution for children in Boston, comes acquaintance with the routine of a great hospital.

So ingenious is the method by which the threads of the story are woven into the completed fabric that it would be highly unfair to author and reader alike to divulge more of the plot than the mere outline given. And in the general excellence of both character delineation and atmospheric creation it, too, seems unfair to be under necessity of regretting the introduction of a pole-ical disputation between Dr. MacDonald and the mountain preacher. Talmadge, which is as unconvincing as it is irrelevant.

Hobson's Choice.

Two little girls were coming to tease the other. "I don't care," said Mable. "You are only an adopted child. Your father and mother are not really yours!" "I don't care either," said Grace. "My papa and mamma picked me small bits at the time, but when the . out. Yours had to take you just menths roll by you will find many as you came."

Twice-Told Tales of Capital

THE PRINCE OF POETRY PIRATES

THE life record of "Colonel" | strange to her. Without waiting William A. H. Silloway, alias Sigourney, who defrauded the Washington public and persons. throughout the country at periods extending over forty-seven years, and who was exposed here in 1896, attracted the attention of the whole District at the time. For two score years he had taken advantage of the reading people of the nation with poems and stories stolen from old magazines and periodicals. His bogus "war record" was the subject of a letter, purported to be official, from President McKinley, before he was placed in the White House, to a General Welles at headquarters iere. The letter was published by Republican managers in Washington, and was intended to be sprung

as a campaign document. The infamous career of the swindler and thief began when he was but a boy thirteen years of age. He entered the office of a small paper as a printer's devil. He was then described as being dirty, ragged, ignorant, and impertinent; he slandered, lied, and stole. He was discharged in short order. The "Colonel" stole articles writ-

ten by well-known authors, palming them off on rural editors, not especially well read, as original One of the editors who was deceived was owner of a county paper, and it was through fraud perpetrated upon him that the police were put on the track of the young pirate.

Vanished From Records. Silloway vanished from the rec-

ords after the closing of the columns of the papers to his forged poetry at the end of the first half of last century, to reappear after the close of the civil war as W. A. He turned up in Connecticut, pre-

ending to be a nephew of Mrs. ydia Huntley Sigourney, then deceased, and used her name and fame to float literary pretensions, although he was far from being apable of literary work. The poems which appeared in

various newspapers as his work were signed sometimes "William A. Sigourney" and sometimes "William Huntley Sigourney," and the writer posing as the nephew of Mrs. Sigourney, accounted for his poetic ability by that relationship. It was discovered later that the verses signed with his name were taken from Mrs. Sigourney's published volumes, and little explanatory paragraphs went around in the newspapers giving the further information that the "nephew's right name was "Silloway" or "Sulloway." The pretender disappeared for a short while after that, but turned up again when the newspaper dispute arose over the authorship of Beautiful & ow," for which he was one of the mast eager contestants of the honor under the name of "Major Sigourney."

"Rock Me to Sleep." Not long after the appearance of

William A. Sigourney, William Huntley Sigourney and Major Sigourney-or, to be exact, in the year 1867-there was a controversy over the authorship of "Rock Me o Sleep," which was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Akera In May of the year of the discus-

sion Mrs. Akers ry ≥ived a letter osted at Albany "Major William Ha fley," offering to prove for her that she was the author of the poem, and that the writer had seen it in manuscript in 1849-ten years before it was written. He said that he had watched her work since then. She wondered | ington as one of the most deterwho he could be, as his name was I mined pretenders of his day.

DRAWN BY D. BATCHELOR

for an answer the major published the gist of the letter. He was after that reported dead at one time and again in fall for defrauding a local newspaper.

Nothing more was heard of Sigourney, Huntley, Silloway, or Sulloway until 1881, when a letter appeared in behalf of a needy and remarkably accomplished printer, W. A. Cilloway, which said:

"Col. W. A. Cilloway, a printer in this city, is probably the most learned printer in the United States, and the only printer living who has set up the Bible in the original Greek. He has worked in London. Oxford, Paris, Madrid, Rome, Florence, Crete and elsewhere. He served in the Mexican war and five years during the rebellion. He saved President Lincoln from capture by the rebels when they attacked the James Brooks, and has several letters from Lincoln thank in ghim for his bravery. Colonel Cilloway has suffered much from hunger in endeavoring to support his family, his parents being very aged people-his father 102 years and his mother nearly 100. It seems that the fraternity ought to know these things."

For four years after 1881 Silloway was not heard from particularly, but in 1885, the following item appeared under the heading: "A Patriot in Need:" "A correspondent writes that

Col. William A. Silloway, an old soidler of two wars and probably the most learned printer of the day -he having set up the Bible entire in the original Greek and the New Testament in German, French, Spanish, and Hebrew-is now living in the city in destitute circumstances, without work. This is the old here who, in May, 1863, saved President Lincoln from being killed or captured when the dispatch boat was attacked in returning from City Point to Washington. Colonel Silloway has an autograph letter from Lincoln in reference to the matter. Something should be done for this old soldier."

What the responses were to the kindly appeal of Mr. Bowles' correspondent, made as it was in the same style-although as to a differently spelt Silloway, does not appear. Five years later, after the death in July, 1890, of John W. Watson, author of "Beautiful Snow,' Col. William Allen Silloway, then living in this city, thought that he had at last found a medium through which he could lay claim to dead men's laure's and announchimself the true author of "Beautiful Snow." "Lifted" English Verse.

Later he turned up in New York and defrauded the publications there with old poems. They later discovered the poetry had been "lifted"

from English periodicals and the

titles changed.

And now came the grand move of the fellow. The Harpers having threatened to have him arrested for the fraud, his next coup was to commit suicide, and the press of the country gravely announced that the author of "Beautiful Snow" had committed suicide by blowing out his brains on the Bloomingdale road. But in a few days it turned out that Silloway had got up the story himself by writing an account of his suicide. Then for a few the Silloway disappeared from his literary arens, but again appeared at the criminal bar. He had

stolen and was in the Tombu. The time of the death of "Silieway" is not recorded, but no doubt, he will be remembered in Wash-

The Love Gambler

RIGHTON gamed at her pussied by her change of of stillude. He could not know that, since learning that the suggested chanfleur was not even an acquaintance of Smith's, she did not care whether her father cogneed him or not,

CHAPTER LXX. David Smith De Laine set in the office of Henry Andrews, giving sourteous head to what the lawyer was saying about stocks, bonds, and other investments. David hoped he seemed to understand all that was hald.

Outwardly he was calm. Inwardly his mind was in a turmoti. It was almost an hour since the truth had been communicated to him, he reflected, giancing at the clock on the desk near which he had sat. An hour since he had been told that his uncle. Francia De-Laine, in dying had left a large fortune, and that he, David Smith

De Laine, was the only heir.

"Mr. Francis De Laine had made
no regular will." the lawyer had
explained. "But, strange to say. only a few weeks ago he wrote to me about a little business transmotion I had with him years ago. In that letter he told me that he was not well, and said he supposed that when he died his brother's con would be his heir. He added that the law would make a good enough will for him, and that although he knew little about you, he supposed you were all right-that he got what he went West to get, and cared very little what became of It after he was dead. He was very eccentric, you know." "Yes, so I have heard my aunt

say," David replied. He was glad he could speak a short sentence sedately. He started now as Andrews turned to him

"I hope I make all these matters plain to you, Mr. De Laine?" "Oh-ah-yes, I hope so," he said with a half smile, "To tell the truth, Mr. Andrews, I can scarcely grasp what all this means. But I want to put my affairs in your hands-and later I hope to be more clear-headed than I am today." Henry Andrews flushed with pleasure. I thank you, Mr. De Laine! I shall do my best by youas it was always my pleasure to do by your aunt. I feel honored that you and she should repose so much confidence in me. And congratulate you on the acquisition

of this fortunte, my dear sir. I enly wish that your sunt could have known of it." Still in the Air. But the lawyer was not given to speculations on the state of those who had passed from mortal life, so he changed the subject. "You know that the matter of the settlement of your cupt's estate must hang fire for some

You are her possible heir until two years after her death. Then, if you have not complied with the terms she named, the property passes to various chari-"Yes, I know," David said quickly. "I authorize you to pas it on now-so far as I am concerned." Andrews shook his head. "That

is something you have nothing to do with, my dear mr. Unless (with a meaning smile) you intend to comply with your aung's re-David flushed hotly. "My sunt was aware that I had never met

the young lady in question when she made that will," he said. "I cannot understand her suggesting such an arrangement." "Well, she had an eccentric

streak in her make-up, as her brother, Francis, had-if you will allow me to speak frankly. I may add that I have never seen a sign of it in you except (with a little laugh) in your neglecting to meet the girl of whom your aunt was so fond. I understand that she is very

"I have no doubt of it," was the reply. "But the fact that my sunt was determined to throw me at her head was enough to make me wish to save the poor young lady tha trouble of dodging."

He felt a strange delight in talking of this girl whom he loved to a man who did not suspect that he had ever seen her. "Well," the lawyer said, confiden-

tially, "there is now no harm in my telling you that your dear aunt complained to me that Miss Leightton seemed quite as averse to mesting him."

was noncommittal, but it was the only word that David could say at that instant. Then he added lamely and with an effort at a laugh: "I can hardly blame her." He Thanks the Lawyer. After listening to a few more re-

The interrogative exclamation

marks on business matters, David arose and held out his hand. "I thank you very sincerely fer the trouble you are taking for ma, Mr. Andrews."

He had never had a lawyer before and did not know if this was the kind of thing one should say to his legal adviser. Yet he did feel grateful to him.

"What are your plans for the winter-if it is not impertinent to ask" Andrews questioned. "To tell the truth," David con-

fessed, "I do not know. I have "Why not take a run, out West and look over some of your uncle's property there? You know you can

well afford to travel now"-with a smile-"and it would undoubtedly complete your restoration to health, although if you are not entirely well now appearances are certainly deceptive," "I might go West." David re-

joined. "I must think it overmust take a few days in which to learn to believe that I am a man of property who can go and come as he pleases. But I must not get "If you look well after your in-

vestments you will have enough to do to keep you out of mischief." Andrews assured him. "Geo1 day!" David returned to his hotel thinking deeply. But what was uppermost in his mind was not his newly acquired wealth, but the fact that Desires had been as anxidus To avoid seeing him in bygone days as he had been to avoid seeing hea-To He Continued.

A Brilliant Show.

"Is your wife going to wear her diamonds at the opera?" "Of course! We can't all appreciate music, and we ought to try to make grand opera interesting even for those who go merely to look on?"

